Now he weighes time euen to the lateſt graine,
Which you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes,
If we ſtay in *France*.

King. Well, for vs you ſhall returne our anſwer backe
To our brother of England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Nim. Before God heeres hot ſeruice.

Piſt. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaſſals drop and dye.

Nim, Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London,
Ide giue all my honour for a pot of Ale.

Piſt. And I: if wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen, and beats them in.

Flew. Gods plud, vp to the breaches
You raſcals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage ſweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well, I would I were once from them;
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their Gloues and their
Handkerchers, they will ſteale any thing.
Bardolfe ſtole a Lute-caſe, carried it three mile,
And ſold it for three halfepence.
Nim ſtole a fire-ſhouell,
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen*, you muſt come ſtrait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloſter*.

Flew.

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not ſo good
To come to the Mines: the concauueties is otherwiſe,
You may diſcuſſe to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himſelfe fiue yards vnder the countermines:
By *Ieſhu* I thinke hee'l blow vp all,
If there be no better direction.

Alarum. Enter the King and his Lords.

King. How yet reſolues the Gouernor of the Towne?
This is the lateſt parley weel admit;
Therefore to our beſt mercy giue your ſelues,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction, defie vs to our worſt,
For as I am a ſouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me beſt, if we begin the battery once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe be buried,
The gates of mercy are all ſhut vp.
What ſay you, will you yeeld and this auoid,
Or guilty in defence be thus deſtroid?

Enter Gouernor.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of ſuccout we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſiue now.

Enter Katherine and Alice.

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman ſae palla vou la main en francoy.